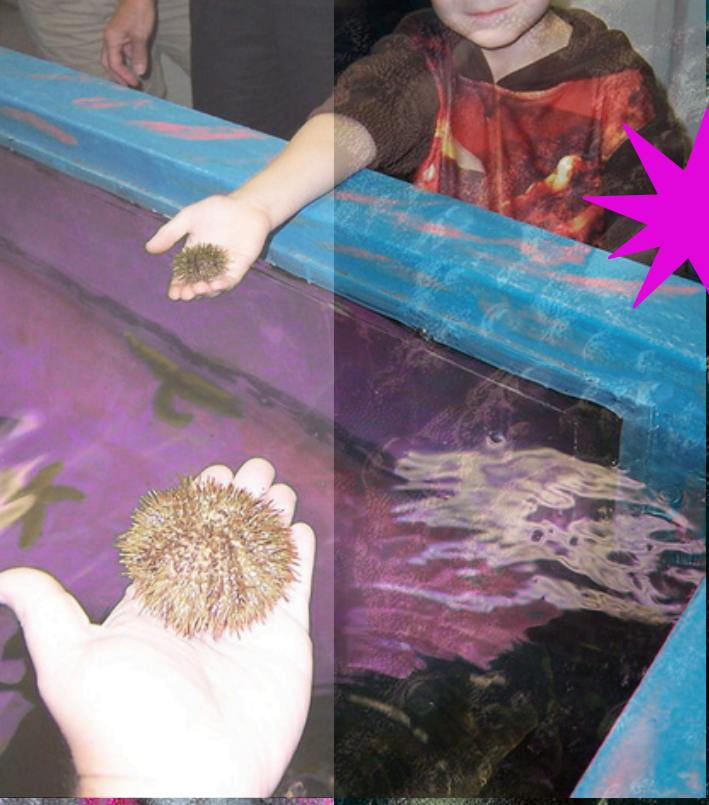
Tatterhood zine

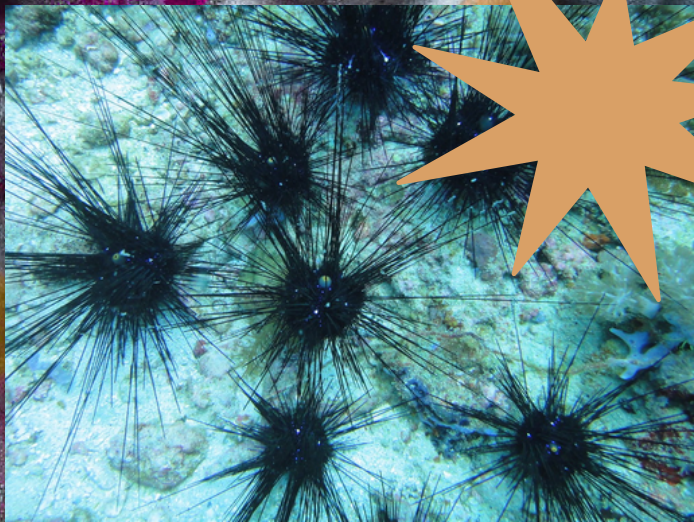
Issue No.2 **the delightful and the disgusting**

Robyn Lindeque



MOST THINGS AREN'T SO DANGEROUS WHEN YOU LAY YOUR PALM OUT FLAT

SEA URCHIN ENVENOMATION OCCURS WHEN A SEA URCHIN SPINE PENETRATES THE SOFT TISSUE OF THE VICTIM.



a simple prayer

Kerry Lindeque

One day there was a woman who woke up with a wish. A singular wish which she turned into a simple prayer, wrapped up neatly in clasped hands and tied with a bow of amen.

"Dear Gods, I would very much like, if you don't mind, an orgasm. Thank you so much, amen."

The prayer travelled on the wind, dived through the clouds, and leapfrogged over stars, until it reached Hera, Queen of the Olympians, goddess of marriage and fertility.

Hera descended from heaven and, with a blast of holy light, appeared before the women in all her cosmic power.

"I heard your prayer. You are seeking a marriage?" She boomed with a voice made of peeling church bells.

"Oh heavens no," the women laughed. "Nothing so serious. Just an orgasm please."

Hera, horrified at the debauched nature of her request, disappeared in a clap of furious thunder.

So, the women prayed again.

"Dear Gods. Just one orgasm! Please and thanks. Amen."

The prayer surfed the rolling ocean waves, hitched a ride on the tail of a rocket ship, and bounced off planets until it reached Cupid, Roman god of love. He floated from heaven like a spring blossom and appeared before the women as chubby and glowing as a love child.

"So, I hear you're looking for love?" His cherubic voice fluttered like the pages of a romance novel.

"Goodness no," the women shook her head. "I have no need for love. Just a bit of lust and a nice orgasm, thank you!"

Cupid rolled over in disgust at her rejection of love and tumbled out the window.

So, the women prayed again.

"If there are any other gods listening: all I want is an orgasm! Amen and all that."

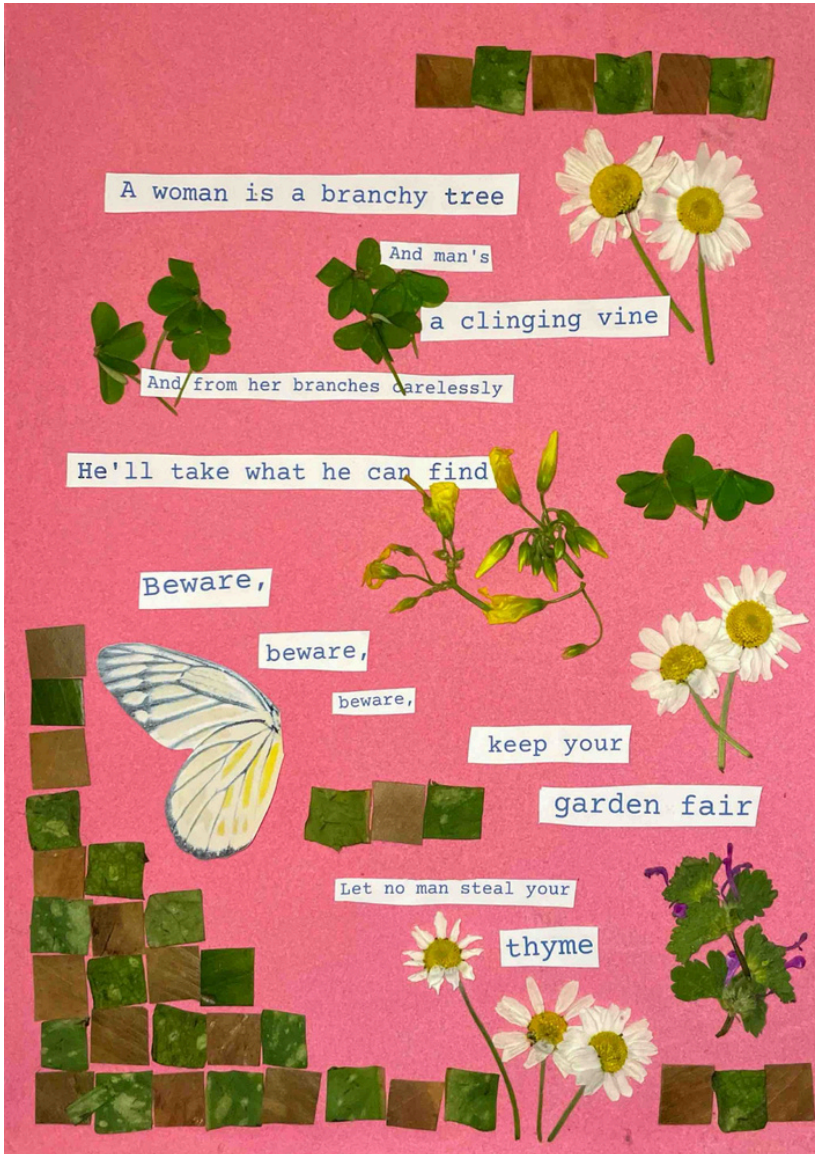
The prayer flew on the back of a starling, climbed up a sunbeam, and rode a shooting star until it reached a Devatas, a Hindu goddess of every day wishes.

She cycled down from heaven on a second hand bike and greeted the women as a familiar friend.

"An orgasm? Simple!" She laughed, her voice like the bell of your local shop. "That I can do."

So she granted the woman's prayer, and the woman was very, very happy.

Let No Man Steal Your Thyme



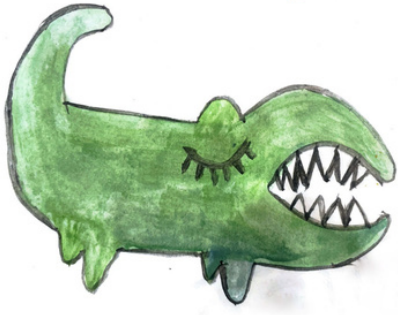
From the song by Pentangle, collage by Robyn Lindeque.

Samos Themed Lighter
A present from Katharina,
in the hope that I will one day
be cool enough to smoke.

100 Rials
Yemeni currency
A gift from Ayman, a souvenir
from a country I hope one day to visit.

Beaded Bracelet
The creation of Aladeen, using
Sudanese beading techniques.

Grappling at SKILLS beach



the museum of samos

Robyn Lindeque

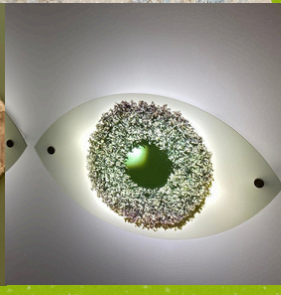
Art That Makes Me Want to Make Art

"Have no shame for the marks of your weiness."
Abi Palmer

Kerry Lindeque

I discovered Helen Chadwick at a retrospective exhibition at the Hepworth Wakefield and Abi Palmer at Site Gallery as part of her Slime Mother exhibition. Despite the decades that separate these artists - Chadwick was prolific in the 80s and 90s and Palmer is contemporary - they have much in common, perhaps most importantly their investigations of the disgusting and the delightful.

Chadwick is a multidisciplinary photographer, sculptor, and fabric artist who explored beauty and sexuality, juxtaposed with the weird and grotesque. Her work is grounded in second wave feminism; it's outrageous, bodily, visceral, and large scale - but with a sense of wit and fun that makes her stand apart. Her sculptors use urine, flowers, fur, chocolate, raw meat, and glowing light boxes. My favourite piece has to be 'Loop My Loop', from 1991, a backlit photograph of shining blonde hair wrapped around a



pig intestine - idealised feminine beauty plaited with an oozing reminder of the grotesque found inside all of us.

Abi Palmer takes up Chadwick's gauntlet - of challenging what we find attractive and abhorrent - and explores it through a queer and disability justice lens. Her 2025 exhibition 'Slime Mother' asks viewers to imagine a world where slugs - the archetypal hated, disgusting body - are worshipped, and she questions how this might affect our treatment of non-conforming *human* bodies . She does so through stained glass windows depicting slugs as saints and slugs stitched into prayer cushions, with iridescent beads to represent their slime. Huge slugs suspend from the ceiling, mid-coitus, twirling around a disco ball. Palmer challenges us to be more slug-like: go slow, go weird, shape-shift to the challenging world around you, rest when needed, and never be ashamed of the slime you cover the world in as you move through it.

The photograph I created - which can be found on our cover - responds to both of their work. It answers Palmer's call to embrace our bodies' need for wetness, centring the slimy and pretty disgusting 'slugging' treatment I have to do to help my dyshidrotic eczema on my right ring finger. With the help of my friend Alison and boyfriend Tom - both experienced in photography and editing - I employed light in a Chadwick manner, using it to make the ointment sparkle and ooze. I played with colours to create a palette of pinks, reds, yellows, and greens reminiscent of Chadwick's light boxes. Finally, I had to include a zine classic: a scanned object! Specifically my trusty Betamethazone, the ointment that transforms my finger from a cracked painful ligament to shiny slug.

"We are energy and matter (meat) and that is our fleshhood."
Helen Chadwick

This month we helped clear out our recently passed Grandma's house. Here are our favourite photos we found of her that we'd never seen before - her name was Madelief.

Art and Words (unless specified) by Robyn and Kerry Lindeque

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"Black Sea Urchins" by mattk1979 is licensed under CC BY-SA 2.0.
"Mom and Aidan hold sea urchins." by lori05871 is licensed under CC BY 2.0.